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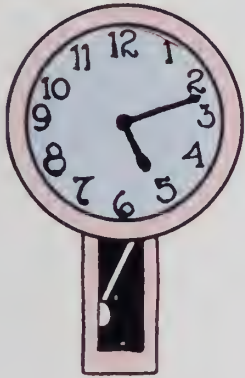




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The Glee Club will now arise and sing, "Queens are hard to find without the Jack."—*Virginia Reel.*



"I hear that the dean of women is going to try to stop necking."

"I should think she would, a woman of her age."
—*Brown Bull.*



It is said that when a person dreams he should roll over, but how in the world can a fellow do that on the small chairs they have in the classrooms?
—*Exchange.*



TIT FOR TAT

Dear Editor—"Can you tell me how to get green paint off my hands?"

Dear Madam—"Have you tried selling it at reduced rates?"—*Red Cat.*

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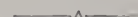
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"I can't see. Those hills are in the way."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

I bet her she wouldn't marry me and she called my bet and raised me five.—*Mink*



What would you do if you found a horse in your bath tub?

Pull the plug out, of course.—*Exchange.*



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"May I hold your palm, Olive?"

"Not on your Life Buoy?"

"Then I'm out of Lux?"

"You sure are. Ivory formed!"

—*Purple Parrot.*



"Hey, your headlights are out."

"I know it—I put wood alcohol in the radiator and the darned things went blind."—*Pointer.*



And then there was the absent-minded professor who gave his fingernails an examination and cut his class.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



Patient: What are these black specks in my soup.

Waiter: Must be some of them vitamins.—*Ghost.*

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Private: Hey! Wot's the idea? Dere's a mouse in this stew!

Army Cook: Sh! Not so loud! They all might want one!—*Life*.

"She's a very nicely reared girl."

"Yes. She looks good from the front, too."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

"Hey, Pop, let's take Eddie fishing with us—he's got worms."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

"Are you musical?"

"No!"

"Well, quit fiddling around my knee."—*Brown Jug*.



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Inexperienced Burglar: "Two fraternity houses, sir."

Judge (to orderly): "Call up all of the downtown hotels and have them claim this stuff."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*.

"My father was a great wit in his time."

"I thought you said he was a dentist."

"No, I just said that he sure did pull some good ones."—*Texas Ranger*.

1903—"Do you ladies mind if we smoke?"

1930—"Do you gents mind if we smoke?"

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**The
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Times**

**A
REAL
HOME
NEWSPAPER**

Definition of an Optimist.—A fellow who will do a cross-word puzzle with a fountain pen.—*Exchange.*

He—"I think I shall kiss you."

She—"Don't be too sure. I thought you were going to a half hour ago but you didn't."—*Voo Doo.*

"There's something masculine about that girl dancing over there."

"It must be that guy that's draped around her."—*Widow.*

Diving Belle says: There's nothing in the world like a cold plunge into the sea of matrimony to cool off a June graduate's case of summer love.—*Kitty Kat.*

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway)—"Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?"

Sweet Little Dove—"Oh, no."

S. I.—"Well, then shut up."—*Chaparral.*

NAUGHTY

1931: "Didja ever get pinched for going too fast?"

1932: "No, but I've been slapped a coupla times."

—*Widow.*

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TACT

The nervous passenger approached the captain timidly.

"What would happen, sir," she asked, "if we struck an iceberg?"

"The iceberg would pass along as if nothing had happened," replied the captain. And the old lady was very relieved.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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THE HUNTER

"You have no heart," he exclaimed, as she turned away after the ten-minute kiss.

"Oh, yes I have," she answered.

"You simply have not found it."

—*Pelican*.

—•••••

He: "She was a heavy date."

He: "How do you know?"

He: "I picked her up."—*Voo Doo*.

—•••••

"May I sit by you?"

"Promise not to pet?"

"Uh-huh."

"Promise not to kiss?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, then, stay right where you are."—*Stone Mill*.

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Holidays

As the time for consideration lengthens we can only repeat what we couldn't help but realize all the time and that is to the effect that since we've stopped believing in Santa Claus we've never entered into the spirit of the season quite as much as we did during the late lamented holidays. And we've seen evidence of others who seemed to share the same festive mood. All the faithful relatives and friends crashed thru in a most commendable manner with the gift idea and we reciprocated by giving away everything we could tear loose, including most of our money and a much-cherished fraternity pin. Well we heartily appreciated the gifts received, even if they were mostly the wrong sizes and colors, and we had so much fun spending the money even though it wasn't the right thing to do, and we can think of none we'd rather see with the little jeweled vest ornamentation than Dottie, even if she does refuse to take it the least bit seriously. But anyway, Beaver isn't so far away and we have convinced people of our seriousness before—and now we'll know what to do with our week-ends.



Exams

Unless we are misinformed the student Days of Atonement are at hand. The midnight oil burns, the local sweethearts go dateless, and unbroached kegs stand sullenly beneath the bar. That little sweet something back home complains that our letters are entirely too sketchy for any serious con-

sideration—and after all the things we promised during the vacation—well that pin is coming right back! And some of us will sigh—thank God, I wondered how I was going to get out of that! And some of us will wildly exercise our powers of persuasion over long distance. And so for all of us another wasted evening will have gone by and there will not even be a consoling hangover to remind us of an evening of leisure. And speaking of hangovers, we go on record as preferring the most ungodly of the species to a single Calculus final.



What, Again?

Again the multitude of toiling Lehigh collegians assemble for the great semi-annual classic of the ages, the midyear battle of students vs. faculty. Many, many gallons of midnight oil are being consumed, thousands of cigarettes go up in smoke every day, and coffee percolators are doing double duty.

Tense looks, strained looks, defiant looks, wild looks, dejected looks, not to mention the radiant and triumphant looks of the ever-present course-crabber.

Funny feelings, wondering feelings, tragic feelings, resigned feelings, 'maybe' feelings, 'if' feelings, and that supreme feeling of 'who gives a damn'.

No more dates, beer, women, bridge, poker, red dog, crap games, moonshine, music, and motoring. Only deep, doleful, damnable concentration for these heartbreaking, devastating, merciless examina-

tions. But we'll surprise the faculty, we'll get by.

And on the first of February we'll get royally polluted, squozeed well-oiled, stupid, canned, pickled, inebriated, intoxicated, and drunk. We'll celebrate our joys or drown our sorrows, BRING ON THE EXAMS!!



Unconventional

I am one Lehigh man who doesn't give a dam'. You can always find me around the campus and conventions and traditions mean nothing to me. I have smoked and walked on the grass from the very first time I laid eyes on the place and I have never worn anything but colored sox and ties. When I want to rest I sit down on any wall or step that happens to be around and the fact that tradition reserves it for seniors or anyone else doesn't disturb me one whit. When I develop a dislike for someone I don't hesitate to tell him about it and if he doesn't seem pretty humble about it I let him know that I'd be happy to see less of him and he leaves. I drive a Packard car and can stay out 'till all hours, because, as I have intimated not even an 8 o'clock Calculus quiz holds any terror for me. Work is something I like to see others do, but carrying a cane is as much labor as I ever impose upon myself. I am pretty fond of myself and don't mind letting others know about my attitude. I take special delight in telling the Dean where to get off and never get any back-talk. I always do as I dam' please. Hell yes, I am the college president.



**You say he's funny looking?
Why his ears were so large that for four years
we didn't know whether he'd walk or fly!**

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A RARE FATHER

Dear Daughter,

I just received a report from Lehigh about your brother, Isaac, and he is doing so good. My, wat a smart boy. If you could do only half as well, I would let you get married. He got E for excellent in economics and English, F for fine in accounting, bookkeeping, and oral writing, and D for dumb (maybe) in Industrial Evolution.

I send you my love free,

Pappa

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Upon marrying a couple went to see a witch who gave them a tube of white substance which was supposed to turn black whenever either of them deceived the other. Some years later when the wife was away, the husband staged a stag party. One of the drunks poured out the substance and filled the tube with black ink. The husband was told what his friend had done, but he did not bother to pour out the ink. A week later he took out the tube only to find it filled with a white substance. His wife had returned in the meantime.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Hang-Over: "Where's the garage my car's in?"

Hotel Clerk: "Right across the street, Sir."

H.-O.: "Too complicated. Send somebody for it."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

She: "This is an anti-saloon."

Drunk: "I don't care what kind of saloon it is. Let me in."

Hello Folks—

As this is Wee Burro's first appearance in the realm of sense and nonsense, perhaps the raving public would like to know what it's all about. In the months to come Wee Burro's going to feed you a lot of bunk, and also a lot of good dope on the hottest orchestras, the hottest shows, the hottest women, and the hottest drinks. In fact Wee Burro's going to deal primarily in heat. Speaking of high temperatures have you seen that wild and woozy colored show, The Blackbirds? It fairly radiates in warmth. And when you see that charming, exquisite little Creole dance the Diga-Diga-Do! !! The tom-tom runs wild, the muted trumpets actually cough in their glee, and the trombones grow hoarse from their muffled growling. The Creole goes mad as she sways to the barbaric, hypnotic Diga-Diga-Do. And she can do lots else. You should hear her grit her teeth as she moans 'I Must Have That Man'. You have heard both the numbers on the Victor by Duke Ellington and his colored Cotton Club Orchestra. If you haven't, you'd better run for the nearest music store. But, whatever you do, don't miss the show. It's now playing to capacity audiences in both New York and Boston.

We've found a new 'Half-an'-Half' and it's not milk and cream either. Take a small glass, or a large one if you're not going anywhere, and fill it half full of red wine. Now tilt the glass at an angle, place a spoon in it upside down and barely touching the wine, and fill the other half with whisky or 'what have you'.

Take care that you do not allow the two liquids to mix. You now have a 'Half-an'-Half' cocktail. And believe me, Folks, it is a potent and powerful beverage. Just try that on your old tin piano. We were in Harlem a few nights ago and dropped in to Small's Paradise at one hundred and thirty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue. What a band! What a cabarat show! But what a crowd?! The place was packed. If you are ever in that vicinity, intentionally or not, go to Small's. There is no cover charge, but a five cent bottle of gingerale sells for a dollar and a bowl of cracked ice for seventy-five cents. You may have to push your way through a pile of empty gin bottles to get a seat but it's worth it. For the benefit of unhappy husbands, you cannot get in 'stag'. The place for you is the Capital Club at a hundred and thirty fifth and Lenox Avenue. It can't compare with Small's but it serves the purpose.

And now, Folks, we're leavin', we're on our way, carein' nothin' about where we're goin' or why we're goin', just leavin'.

WEE BURRO

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

First Nigger: "What's that pretty thing?"

Second Nigger: "That's my coat of arms."

F. N.: "I's sure would like to see the pants and vest."

To A Blind Date

Say, I just have to get this out of my system—so you modest readers will have to sit tight till I'm finished. I got hooked to go along on a blind date—so I hope you can sympathize with me.

Why ARE blind dates that way? In the first place, they're never good-looking, and dance like so much Mack truck. And besides they invariably wear corsets. And neck like so much octopus—a dead one.

I mean that's the way blind dates usually are. But what makes me sore is that my blind date was the most beautiful girl, and dance—whoop-pee, and co-operate—say you ain't seen nothin' yet.

"Well, what are you kicking about?"

"I let somebody else have the date."

And Another Died:

It was the big game at "State". And only a minute to play.

The crowd was tense,

To watch the defense.

Then she said, "Who plays today?"

"So you had some words with the wife?"

Oh yes, but I was like the Vita-phone—I was the accompanying sound effects.

"How did Ruth dress for the Prom?"

"Alone, I know."

"You know?"

"Yes. She didn't have any of the hooks on the back of her dress fastened."

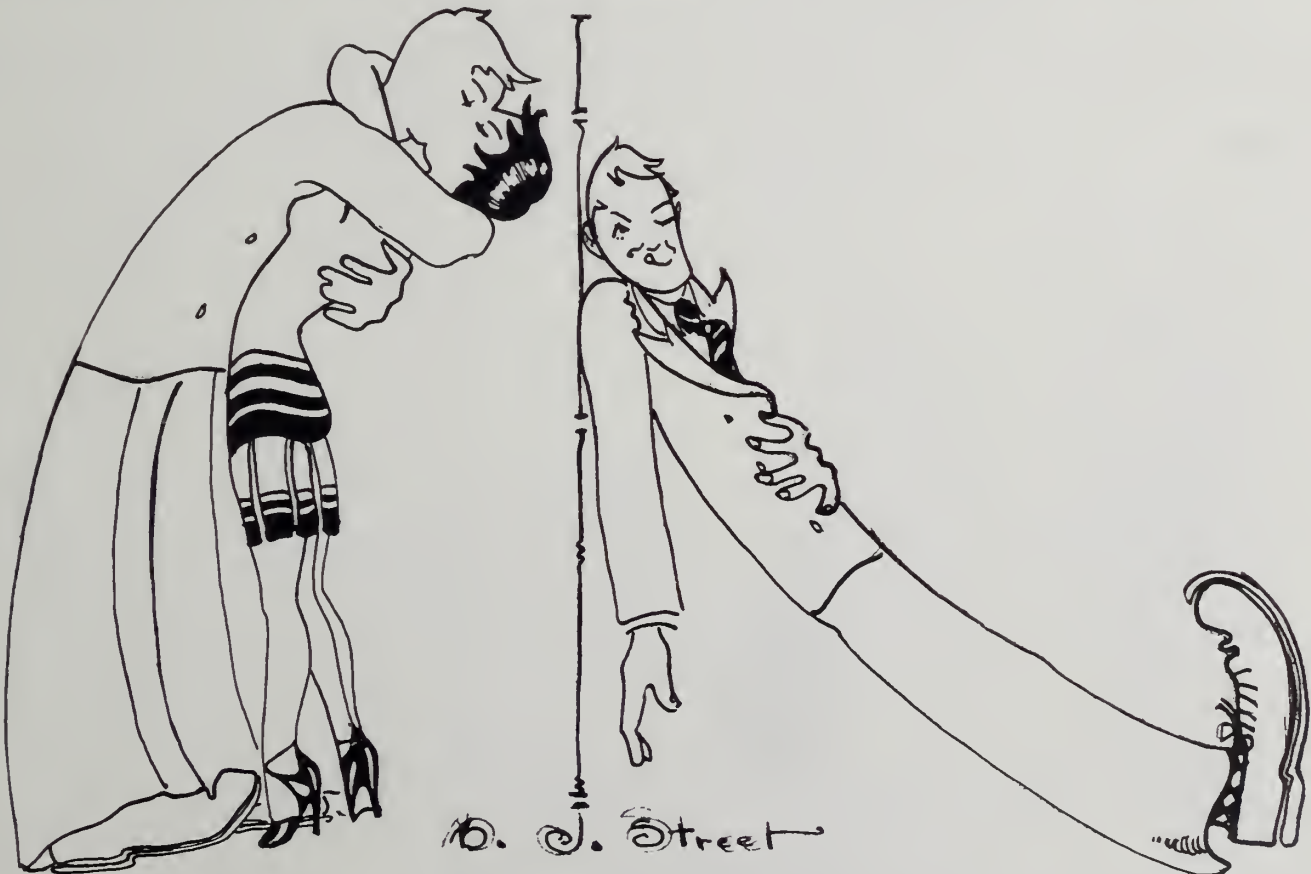
And there's the one about the young French Co-ed who swam the channel and then didn't have a thing to wear. So she turned around and swam home.

Dear Ma:

It makes for a great time down here at Lehigh. Why even, betcha, R. O. T. C. drill was not last week—it rained. And you oughta see my army coat. 1811 bring it home at Easter—Pa can use it to keep the horse warm.

Ma I don't want to wear the red flannels—the fellows laugh at me. I went to a show last night. It cost only twenty-five cents. I went in the afternoon. Clara Bow was playing—and Ma can all girls have—I mean be like her. I'd like a girl like that.

Your son,
Peter.



OH! THOSE LAMB CHOPS!

To sit down and write a good poem,
 You must be feeling good.
 You must be filled with the *joi de vivre*,
 In an optimistic mood.
 You can't sit down with a frown on your face,
 And expect your Muse to give.
 You've got to think you're a good fellow,
 And you have your life to live.
 In order to be on the *Burro* board
 You must write your quota of laughter;
 And so I write this before exams—
 For I won't be able to after.

Here lies the body of Anthony Nesbit;
 He made some gun-powder and wanted to test it.
 It worked.

"Hear the new hot coal song?"

"No."

"Fuel love me as I love you."

Did you ever watch a man walking thru a pair of
 opera glasses backward?

Your English don't sound good. Why don't you
 put what you have behind before?

And where were you mushing around on such a
 wet and slushy nite?
 In the parlor, of course.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



1. I think his coat is purloined.
2. Purloined, hell; its racoon.



Co.—Don't you adore the "Livery Stable
 Blues?"

Ed.—Well the words are not much, but the
 air—oh, my!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Place; L. U. Dormitory—Time; Night before Final.

Frosh: (Running into Upperclassman's room)

Ahoy there Rollo, tis the night
 That I carry eats—this my plight.
 Thy brow weary, that empty stare,
 The cyclone appearance of thy hair,
 Give warning of approaching storm,
 Which forsooth may wreck our dorm.
 What wouldst that I should do for thee?
 Thy slightest wish my command shall be.

Soph: My wish you'll find—it is not slight,
 And ere thou meet with sadder plight,
 Take thou not these words in vain,
 Oh thou with microscopic brain.
 Lean this way thy scummy ear,
 And quickly "Getthehelloutofhere".

Frosh: (Landing outside, with his dignity badly
 injured)

Gosh, golly, oh my, oh gee,
 What an awful wallop he attached to me.
 It seems I have aroused his ire
 Exceeding great, like his angle of fire.
 I wonder now, what could it be
 He finds so objectionable in me?

Soph: Well, well, Freshie, why use this space
 As your appointed landing place?
 Mark thou, Rollo is weary of mind,
 For tomorrow's quizz he doth grind

Frosh: But why should his examination
 Be the cause of my ruination?

Soph: Oh thou who never a final hast taken,
 Thou wilt find thou art grossly mistaken,
 If thou thinkest they are no cause for worry,
 Be on thy way for eats, and HURRY.

Frosh: I sadly have fear from the way it looks,
 College ain't like it is in story books.

"I'm from Florida," the slick-haired salesman said as he entered a Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. and this is the ride he took.

"What's the matter? The storm too much for you."

"Or maybe winter has arrived."

"I'll have fruit served at every meal."

"Got any lots for sale?"

(Hang up when you have enough)

(Next time he said he was from Delaware)

Here's something we think you could sell. A door with a larger keyhole and an attachable shoe horn to make the key fit easier.

Newly Wed: "I'm going to take a course in Cook Tours."

"Yeah."

Newly Wed: "Sure I must learn to make biscuits."

"Can I play bridge? Say, didn't you hear me use the word 'ruff'?"

Me
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thAt
Make
Instructors
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becAuse
They
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iNstead
Six
I call my girl Speatment 'cause
she's always after meals.

Customer: Where's my change, young man.

Clerk: Change lady, why you haven't changed a bit.

American visitor at Canadian cafe: "Bring me a glass of ginger-ale."

It has been remarked that more students are seen at the movies on Friday nights this year than in previous years. It is also rumored that the local L. O. O. M. is going into bankruptcy.

In days of old
When nights were cold
We are told
That maidens bold
Would creep inside
A raccoon's hide
And there abide
While the wind did ride.
So to this day
In the same old way
Maidens gay
Will hide away
Cuddled up in
The same old skin
Provoking therein
The college man's grin.



WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS AND THE DIRT BEGINS

How To Defend Yourself With A Bicycle

Often when jaunting joyously through town these brisk days on a two wheeler, one is accosted by unreasonable persons intent upon rough treatment to strangers.

If you are ever confronted by such a situation—of course we mean a ruffian—dismount by all means. Speed is an important factor at this stage of the performance. Deftness of foot and limb will show your opponent that you have taken an attitude of opposition. Next, grasp the handle bars with both hands, from either the right or left side—several experiments will satisfy one on this point—and before he or anyone else can say “Jack Robinson”, have the two wheeler balanced vertically on its rear wheel. In this manner the conveyance is placed between the accosted and the accoster in a truly remarkable movement. In this position take the defensive and parry your opponent's thrusts and taunts with the front wheel. Finally, begin to whistle loudly and enthusiastically, thus breaking down the aggressors morale. In time the physical fatigue and mortification will reduce the uncouth person to such a pitiful condition, that the renewal of the jaunt can safely be attempted.

There was another Scotchman who always jumped over the gate to save the hinges.

Oh would that I might graduate
Ere 'tis too late, ere 'tis too late,
As the final exams come on,
And seal my fate, and seal my fate.

She: Do you carry alcohol in your radiator?
He: No, I carry mine in the spare tire.

And what shall we say of the guy that would go out of his way to keep from passing a fellow?
Call him a college professor.
And even if you do flunk the course, that's no excuse for running down your prof with your flivver.
Moral: Git 'em before the finals.

What's the chances of gettin back into college after the finals?
None, unless you believe in reincarnation.

My girl talks most all the time.
What does she talk about?
Why I don't believe she ever said.

A problem of enormous size
This love for you has given rise—
I can't quite see just why the skies
Are always blue, but being wise,
I'll answer it and win the prize.
No summer nite is paradise
Without the flashing fireflies
And one forgets their tiny size
When twilight fades and night-wind sighs
And I, when looking in your eyes,
Don't give a dam' about the skies.

PUN MY WORD

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Trying to think out a pun,
And though he tore at his hair
And oaths filled the air
The result of his efforts were none.

Shed not a tear for poor old Bill
He picked a bad one on the “Hill to Hill”.

Who was that lady I seen you with last night?
That was no lady, that was my wife.

(Through the courtesy of Judge, Life, Punch, Vogue, Vanity Fair, The New Yorker, The Farm Hands Weekly, College Humor, Yatching, and the Police Gazette.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



“Why is a penny like a prophet?”
“Well what's the answer?”
“Cent, by God.”



THOU SWELL

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Judge: "Miss Madeline Jones, what's the idea shooting your boy friend?"

Miss Jones: "He said my house was full of Microlepidoptera."

Judge: "But that's no reason for killing him."

Miss Jones: "And why not? Don't you think I have a dictionary?"

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

There are many useless things we see
In many a useless simile.
But the things that take first prize
Are my half dozen Christmas ties.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I love these fellows who could write
Some wonderful things, and do it right;
If they had the time.
Who think it as easy as falling asleep
When you're lying counting sheep;
To make a rhyme.
One of them composed for me;
He thought to write a parody
In Iambic bliss.
But it sadly lacked in meter;
And, strange as it is, gentle reader
It was worse than this.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Jack—You know we have period furniture.
Jill—Uh, huh.
Jack—Sure. Here for a period and then they take it away.

He—Don't you know the King's English?
Second Ditto—Gosh! I hope so.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

As the tabloid might write it—

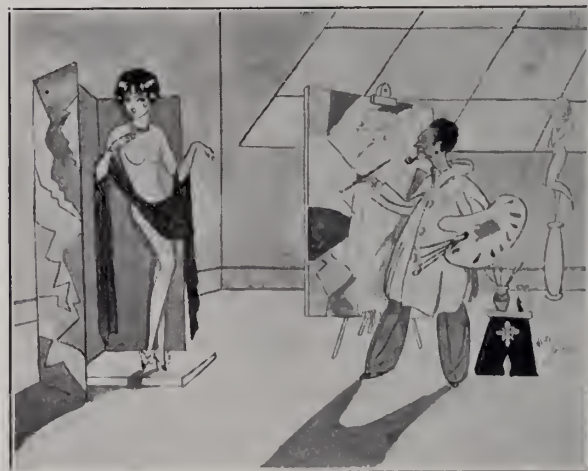
HUNDREDS DRIVEN FROM HOMES

Bi-annual disaster worst of its kind ever experienced. Forced to flee to relatives and nearest acquaintances. Manual labor and mental positions only hope for the victims. Fear that many will never return to the stricken area. Governor Richards and Flood Commissioner McConn well pleased with the results and hope for better successes in the future. Keeper of the Royal Archives Curtis said in an interview, "It surpassed our fondest expectations." It is anticipated that Sheckel-Extractor Ashbaugh will ask for extra tax levies again.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I often sit and wonder
What in thunder
I might write
For your delight.
So I now write this
May the Saints in bliss,
Bide well their time
And not hear this rhyme.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Artist: "You tell me that you have never posed for an artist before and you just said that you feel terribly overdressed in that costume. How come?"

Model: "Well you see, I worked in a Broadway musical comedy for six months."

Frank and Ernest

By BRIGGS



*The Smoother and
Better Cigarette*



OLD GOLD
.... not a cough in a carload

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Down by
The Old Mill
He tried to kiss her,
But she said
She wouldn't kiss him by a dam site.
—Virginia Reel

"Give that dog a bone", cried the convict as the
bloodhounds rounded the corner.

He who must get up with the sun should not stay
up with the daughter.

And what is your own theory about evolution?
Very, very little is known about it.

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Bilt-Rite

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Arch-Preserver

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Prohibition Officer: Sonny, d'ya wanna make five dollars?

Mountaineer Boy: Shore. How?

Officer: I'll give you five to take me up this creek to the whiskey still.

Mountaineer: All right. Give me the five.

Officer: Oh, I'll pay when we come back.

Mountaineer: Mister, you hain't comin' back.—
Oklahoma Whirlwind.

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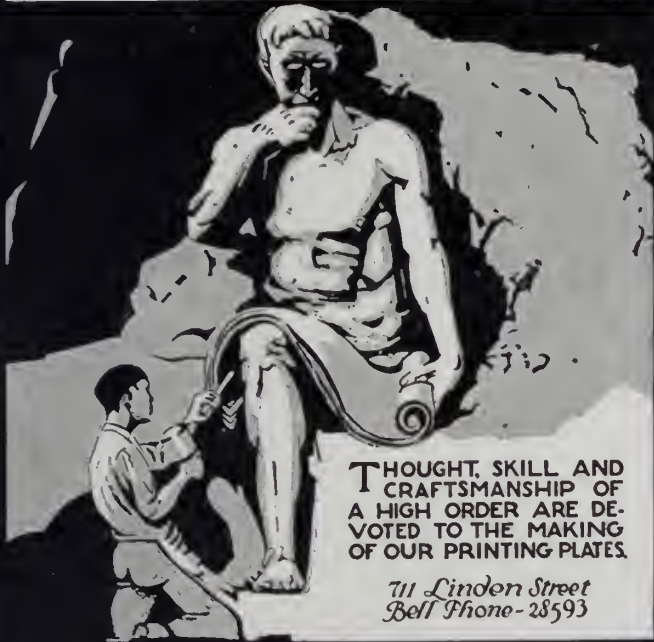
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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

This: How the hell did you burn your neck so?

That: Oh, I wore a celluloid collar, either my girl
friends affection or her cigarette did it.—*Kitty Kat.*



Instructor (in Navy class): "What should be done
in case of drowning?"

Frosh: "Well, I should think the natural thing
would be to have a funeral."—*Yellow Jacket.*



FOUR OUT OF FIVE HAVE 'IT

Aviator (having trouble on way to Vanderbilt, to
colored woman): "Lady could I borrow a small
mouth wrench?"

C. W.: "Yah suh!" (Hands him bottle of Lis-
terine).

Aviator: "Lady, I said small-mouth wrench."

C. W. (coyly): "Dat's whut ah wrench mah mouf
wif!"—*Banter.*



TOMORROW ARRIVED TODAY

Youth doesn't wait for
the approval of time.
Youth doesn't linger to
copy or follow. Youth
takes precedence by
virtue of enthusiasm.
Youth leads with the
spirit of adventure, the
desire for change. For
youth, tomorrow arrived
today. And so in the
pages of COLLEGE HUMOR
you will find a certain
something that is young,
swift-moving, colorful
and gay. Humor, novels,
and features that will
keep you mentally young!
Your copy of the latest
issue can be secured at
the leading dealers.

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United Cigar Store, 4th and New Streets.
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Lehigh Smoke Shop, 304 Broadway.
United Cigar Store, 3rd and New Streets.

—□—

Single Copies—Thirty Cents

WHOOPS, MY DEAR!

"I'll take pork chops, and have
them lean."

"Yes sir, to the right or left?"—
Frivol.

—•••••

Father: "Do you know my
daughter, May?"

Young Man: "Thanks for the
tip."—*Ghost.*

—•••••

Two Alumni were celebrating
after the Big Game. The next
morning, the night's effect still
visible, they arose and began to
dress—

"Shay, looka my funny pair of
shoes," giggled one, "a black'n an'
a tan'n."

The other grinned back foolishly
—"S' nuthin' I got a pair jus'
like 'em."—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

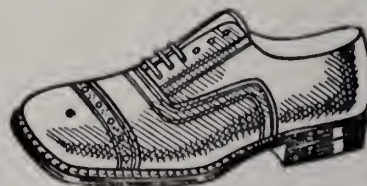
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Farr's

Custom - Built SHOES

styled expressly for the
college man by these
noted makers —

Johnston & Murphy
J. P. Smith
Forbush



8th & HAMILTON - ALLENTOWN

"Lookout, that cab almost hit us!"

"Garn! It won't even touch us—it's a yellow cab."—*Chanticleer*.

Kappa—And did you give her the banjo as an out-and-out gift?

Sig—Absolutely; there were no strings to it.—*Exchange*.

Red Mike: A woman can make a fool out of you in ten minutes.

Snake: Maybe, but think of those ten minutes.—*Texas Ranger*.

Jane: "Oh professor, what do you think of me now that you've kissed me?"

Prof: "You'll pass."—*Rice Owl*.

MATINEE
2:15 P. M.
EVENING
THREE SHOWS
6:30—7:30—9:30

College
THEATRE

MATINEE
2:15 P. M.
EVENING
THREE SHOWS
6:30—7:30—9:30

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JAN. 24—25—26

Dorothy MacKaill

—IN—

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Bethlehem, Penna.

She—"You know, I like variety—it's the spice of life."

He—"Look me over, kid, my name is Heinz."—*Orange Peel*.

"Did you ever make whoopee?"

"No. I don't like Chinese girls."—*Virginia Reel*.

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She—Why, your heart sounds like a drum beating.

He—Yes, that's the call to arms.—*Banter*.

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"One seat, well forward in the center downstairs, for tonight's performance. Have you got it?"

"Can you play a fiddle?"—*Pelican*.

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Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
 Drinking gin fizzes and rye,
 He mixed them with rum, then left on a run,
 Saying, "Oh, what a sick boy am I."—*Chanticleer.*

— — — — —

"One swallow doesn't make a spring."
 "No, but a few can often make a fall."—*Widow.*

— — — — —

HOW HE GOT HIS JOB

Boss—Any experience with women?
 Applicant—Well, I'm a college graduate.
 Boss—You're hired.—*Kitty Kat.*

— — — — —

Women are in a terrible predicament these days.
 They don't know whether to smoke Old Golds and
 give up cough drops, or use Luckies and give up
 sweets all together.

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The Schick Steel edge that gives you "a smooth shave quick"—a Schick Steel blade photographed through the microscope. (Note the edge.)



This razor blade, photographed through microscope, cannot fail to make your face sore after shaving. (Note the edge.)

No Stropping and

Oh! What a Shave !!

It's the Schick Steel in those blades

Look at a Schick blade through a microscope and you will know why a Schick shave is the smoothest, sweetest that a man ever had. Go into the metallurgy of Schick Steel and you will learn the secret of how we can make an edge from which men get from four to ten perfect shaves without stropping the blade every time it is used.

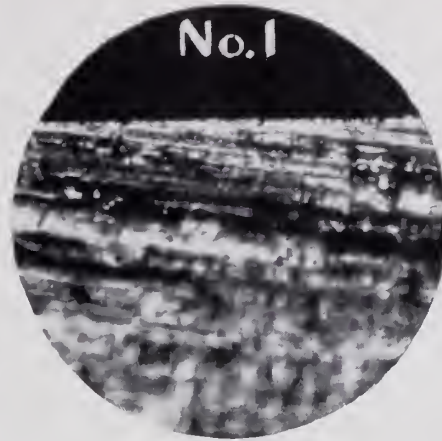
Tough-bearded thousands sing the praises of this marvelous razor and tell of the amazing endurance of its superkeen edge.

You should own a Schick. There are six reasons—
1. Schick blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper—
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Good stores everywhere have Schicks to offer you—\$5 to \$50. They come in gold, silver, solid or plated, according to the price you wish to pay. Ask your dealer to let you look at them. A clip of 20 blades goes with each.

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This is a perfect photo-micrograph of a blade that will not shave satisfactorily. (Note the edge.)

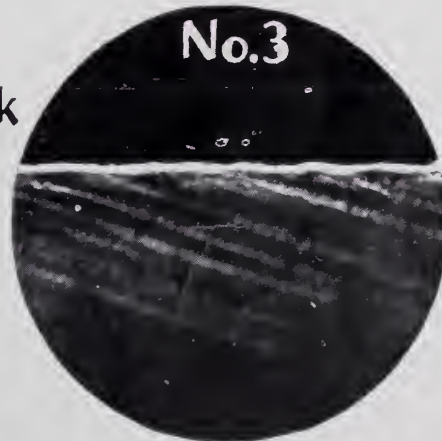


A fair sample of what happens to a blade honed the ordinary way—magnified 500 diameters. (Note the edge.)



A smooth shave, quick
with a

Schick Repeating Razor





E_xit

the drugstore cowboy

"It is our opinion," writes an executive of one of the great tailoring houses, "*that sports apparel for town wear is entirely out of place.*"

It's a fact that the drugstore cowboy is following the genuine cowboy into the limbo of colorful recollections: the bird who wore linen knickers about the street-corner at night, the white-flannel yachtsman of the Roaring

Forties, and the city slicker whose great open spaces were at his collar.

Wise men have quit trying to look like something else. All they ask is to be allowed to choose suits and hats and shirts and collars and ties and shoes and socks for normal gentlemen.

And the younger element among them have found a godsend in the new Golden Arrow Collar... a collar with all the handsome neatness that only starch can give, and a starched collar which is as light, as flexible, as any sports collar they ever wore—and much more comfortable.



Golden Arrow is no collar for drugstore cowboys. It will be found at all university outfitters', at 35 cents, 3 for \$1.

Golden
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COLLARS

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